Silver Outline
by Scotty Escobar

"Seagull," I say as the silver outline flies far above our heads; the heat of the afternoon lies over our bodies like hot water. "We aren't near the beach. What's a seagull doing here?" I add.

"I don't see it," you say; I look up, and just like that, it's gone. And under this warm afternoon, time slips, slows, and bends. The silence that follows makes me drowsy and blurs my sense of self into the car seat. Into the air that smells of asphalt. Into the bright gloss of vehicles that are parked near us.

Stay with me a little longer, I say to no one but the uncertainty that comes with not knowing anything about anyone. *Just a little longer.*